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## WALKING IN THE SPIRIT.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. P., June 12, 1868.

IN regard to the gifts of the Spirit, our difficulty is, that when we get an impulse from God, instead of holding on to that impulse and letting it act continuously upon us, we are apt to take that impulse as a ball does a stroke, and run away from the impelling power. God starts us upon a good course perhaps, and we run off in that course far out of his sight; we keep straight on because we started right, stopping only when obstructions and failure compel us to stop. This is not the way to walk with God. When we get an impulse from him, we should be thoughtful and cautious, and say to ourselves, God may want us to go to a certain length, and then call us back. An unlimited course in one direction may not be the right thing. Perhaps "out and back" is the word.

We do not please the Spirit of Truth by taking only a single impulse, but by continuous obedience; by holding on to the impelling force, so that when it stops, we shall stop and turn back, and not go on without it. Here is our difficulty in receiving inspiration. It is comparatively an easy matter to get into communication with God, but we must learn how to retain the impulses he gives us, so that we shall not be liable to run off into folly. The old revivals began with an impulse from God, but they were carried on in the wisdom of man, and soon came to an end. The people did not know why, and thought perhaps that God was capricious and changeable, and not ready to bless them continuously.

## GOD OWNS THE BODY.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. P., June 20, 1868.

"THE last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Salvation, working from the center of life, takes possession of the soul first, and reaches the body, that is to say, the extremities of our complex organization, last. We must conceive of our soul and body as a unit—a succession of envelopes, if you please, or of layers, like those of an onion; one layer after another, around the center. The work of salvation goes on from the center, and may be perfected to a great extent in all the interior, without visibly affect-

ing the exterior. This order is natural, and Paul's saying that the abolishment of death comes last, is strictly philosophical.

I do not know but he saw a hint of that idea, in Christ's own case. Christ's life, previous to his public ministry, was undoubtedly one of inward conquest. After that, we see him showing his power against disease and evil of various kinds, until at last a wonderful experience came upon him. He was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and sweat great drops of blood. That is doubtless, the experience Paul refers to when he says, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." It seems that Christ's interior will, working with the Holy Ghost, had pushed the devil in his body outward, until the last refuge of the wicked spirit was in the capillaries; and the pressure which expelled it, caused Christ to sweat great drops of blood. It was at that time that Christ said, "The prince of this world is judged—the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." All the devil's poison within him, had been driven to the surface, and expelled. Then all that remained for him to do, was, to go through the form of death, and in three days he was alive again. The last enemy overcome by him was death. In the nature of things, we may expect something like that experience in ourselves—a progressive work from inward victory to the redemption of the body.

We find that the Holy Ghost is given to us. It is a well of water, springing up into everlasting life within us. It is a river of life, flowing in the midst of humanity; and all are invited to drink. But this river of life, the Holy Ghost, when we begin to drink, begins to work in us in the order that I have spoken of, perfecting its work as it goes, from the center to the circumference.

We must not refer its influence merely to our souls. Many texts and many reasons point us very emphatically to the right, and the will, and the purpose of that Spirit, to take possession of our bodies. Paul says, "If the Spirit of him that raised Jesus from the dead, dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead, shall also quicken your mortal bodies, by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." It can not be otherwise. We cannot separate our souls from our bodies. The life of our hearts and souls is in every nerve and vein of our bodies; and if the Holy Ghost comes into our hearts, its natural course is right through to the extremities, to take possession of our bodies. It is said expressly, "Your bodies are the temples of the Holy

Ghost." Its natural effort within us must always be to take possession of its temple. If we listen to the voice of the Spirit, and repeat what it says to us, and make it the expression of our own heart, we shall say with a will, that God owns our bodies and shall have possession of them. We shall feel that any devils or parasites that get into them, are thieves in God's garden. Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. We are more bound to assert that claim than the claim to our land. It would be a more miserable and cowardly thing to leave our bodies to the possession of the devil and parasites, when God owns them, than to give up our houses and lands to plunder.

Paul says in another place, "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ? Shall I then take the members of Christ, and make them the members of an harlot? God forbid. The body is not for fornication, but for the Lord." I would expand these principles, and say, Shall I take the members of Christ and give them up to sickness, disease and dissolution? Are you going to let the grave take possession of the members of Christ? Will you suffer the temple of the Holy Ghost to be filled with devils and parasites? The body is not for disease, but for the Lord; not for worms, but for the Lord; not for the grave, but for the Lord. He owns it, and if we are jealous for his rights, we shall assert that claim, and stand up for it through life and death. If we begin to entertain the Holy Ghost in our hearts, our business is to go right on and assert its title to our bodies, and if necessary, to die fighting for its right to take possession of them. It is a heinous imposition—worse than slavery, for devils to hold possession of bodies that belong to Christ and the Holy Ghost.

The last enemy to be destroyed, is death. That is right. Christ requires us to claim and get possession of all the rest of the territory, before we conquer the outer limits. We ought not to attempt to expel the enemy from the surface, until we have expelled him from the regions inside. But let us be busy. A year ago, we said we were going to put through a line of railroad to the kingdom of Heaven. Well, here is the final terminus, the upper depot. We are bound to grade through to that. We have a charter for the road, and the right of way. Why should we not go through? Are we going to stop for any of the traditional rights of the devil? The Holy Ghost owns our bodies. Let us be up and doing.

This, you see, is following right on in

the line of what I have been talking about the Holy Spirit and the presence in us of the river of life. This is the application of it to our individual persons. I might say that the Holy Spirit will not yield itself to us and we can not begin to drink it, unless we make up our minds to assert its entire rights. If we are cowardly and unbelieving and don't carry this thing through, if we are too feeble-hearted to assert the rights of God to our bodies, the Holy Ghost will not work in us. This is not fighting for egotism nor for our own pleasure. It is fighting for the rights of God. We need not trouble ourselves about results and consequences. We need not entertain any doubtful disputations as to what will come of it—whether we shall be transmuted or translated; or whether we shall go through the form of death, or what will become of us. We will simply assert the right of the Holy Ghost to our bodies, and let it have possession of them. Results may take care of themselves.

We must consent to be ignorant on some points, and go to work in quiet faith. John says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." We know we shall get through. Paul says he was carried up into the third heaven, "whether in the body or out of it, God knoweth." That is the way to treat a great many questions that are not necessary to our action. Whether our bodies are to go through any miraculous change, or what kind of a change, I don't know. God knoweth, and I don't need to know. If I need to know, God will tell me. My present business is to assert the right of God to my body, keep on doing so, and as fast as I can see the way, let him take possession of every part of it. That is my duty. It is not a mere privilege. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." They belong to him, and it is our business to yield them up to him, and cast out the devils that get between God and what belongs to him.

The devil will be well contented to have us accept this doctrine of the Holy Ghost "on shares:" and say that God shall have our souls, but the devil may have our bodies. That is all he wants. We must be sharper than that. We must say our souls belong to the Holy Ghost and our bodies too. Rather than say that the Lord shall have the soul and the devil the body, I would put it the other way. It would be safe to say, "*The Lord shall have the body at any rate, and the devil may have the soul, if he can get it after that!*"

#### SWEDENBORG'S COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

EVERY candid reader of the New Testament must see that the teachings of Jesus Christ lead inevitably to a social revolution on earth. He plainly revealed the social state of heaven in his answer to the Sadducees—"The

children of this world marry and are given in marriage; but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage;" and at another time he taught his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven;" thus authorizing them to expect the abolition of marriage here. And, although his plan for bringing in God's kingdom involved his own temporary withdrawal and afterwards that of his disciples, his purpose, we must believe, remained fixed, and will finally revolutionize the world.

But, meanwhile, he carefully avoided disturbing for the time being the institution of marriage, which has always been the world's great bulwark against anarchy. Paul, although the burden of his gospel was, "Christ the end of the law to every one who believeth," found it necessary to stem the tide of liberty which doubtless an incautious interpretation of Christ's words had started.

When Christ came the second time and took away his faithful followers, the world was left undisturbed in the old forms, to go on with its jealousies, heart burnings, and moral degradation, but improving slowly in general, and waiting for the light of God's kingdom.

Swedenborg's crowning sin, and the one which takes him from the category of harmless old dreamers, and places him in the position of an active anti-christ, is, that he attempted to start a counter-revolution. Not content with defending exclusive marriage in this world, he carried it into the highest heaven, and made eternal happiness to consist in the exclusive devotion of one man and one woman to each other. Christ proposed to model this world at last, after the unselfishness and all-embracing love of heaven. Swedenborg proposed to model heaven on the selfishness and exclusive love of this present world. Whether we regard his visions as actual views of *hades*, or as the distempered workings of his own brain, they appeal directly to the love of mere natural selfish relations, i. e., to the flesh; and hence their wide-spread influence.

The *nidus* which fosters the growth of Swedenborgianism and modern Spiritualism, is excessive love of natural relations, which is as universal as unregenerate human nature. Let Swedenborg be covered never so deep in musty Latin and cumbrous phrasology; let Davis philosophize his sentimentalism *ad nauseam*; the hungry human heart seizes upon the assurance that heaven will give it back its idols. The gospel of Jesus Christ aims to satisfy the heart with a broader love, and even to sacrifice natural relations in its attainment. "He that doeth the will of my father in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

The significance of Swedenborg's movement will be seen when we consider its relation to modern revivals. He was a Swede, but an instinct led him to England, where Wesley and Whitfield were rising. They began a movement in the direction of Jesus Christ's revolution. The gospel of conversion and regeneration (which is indeed the beginning of the resurrection) will finally revolutionize all human institutions, marriage included. Wesley and Whitfield preached that gospel, though they knew not the end to which it was leading. While they were proclaiming, "Ye must be born again," and

inaugurating the system of revivals that has since had its course in this country, Swedenborg went to London, and in the very field of their labors, started the counter-revolution—the gospel of marriage in heaven and no necessity of regeneration; and although he made little headway at first, we can see that he has at last accomplished a decided check upon the revival spirit, if we regard modern Spiritualism as a manifestation of the same principality which manipulated and commissioned him.

But Swedenborg attempted too much. He aimed to cover the ground of all opposing sects, and in so doing he fell between them, and accomplished less than he would if he had been more one-sided. He tickled the scientific world with a show of philosophy, but disgusted them with his unproven supernaturalism. He pleased the infidels by his virtual treachery to Christ and the Bible, but disappointed them in his superstitious spirituality. He suited the Universalists by his abolition of the devil, but displeased them with his hells. He courted the orthodox with his doctrine of eternal perdition, but alienated them by his easy way to heaven. And he bid for the support of the great world of moral people when he introduced exclusive marriage into heaven, while he brought confusion and looseness into the relations of this world. He failed to stop the progress of the revival spirit; and although his genie has changed its guise to the more consistent form of modern Spiritualism, similar elements of weakness are visible still in its strategy; while the revolution of Jesus Christ is sweeping onward.

#### PRINCIPIA.—NO. 9.

##### PERFECTIONISM THE ANTECEDENT OF COMMUNISM.

ARTICLES FROM OUR EARLY PUBLICATIONS,

SHOWING THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES IN WHICH THE O. C. ORIGINATED.

THE following extract, although it contains some repetitions, throws more light on the cautious attitude of Perfectionists at the time of the rise of Fourierism. It is from an article entitled "The Unity of the Kingdom of God:"

The various benevolent and reformatory associations of modern times, have greatly multiplied the distractions of the religious world. The leading churches of this country committed a suicidal act, when they set the example, in the formation of the Bible and Missionary Societies, of instituting semi-religious associations separate from the regular church-organizations. That example has been followed, till now almost every department of moral enterprise, has an organization of its own, and the proper business of the churches is nearly all taken out of their hands. And these moral organizations are not merely independent of the churches, but more or less hostile to them. Of course, all who are members of churches and at the same time adherents of the societies, are in a "strait betwixt two." Their religion draws them one way, and their zeal for moral enterprise another. How many have been seduced from their church-allegiance, by their attachment to the Temperance and Anti-slavery associations! And then, even if a man's heart is not divided between his church and the reforms—if he has gone quite over to the new societies, he is still distracted by the multiplicity of independent enterprises which claim his devotion. Temperance, Moral Reform, Anti-slavery, Non-resistance—each a kingdom of itself—demands his allegiance. He has but one heart, and he must either give it to one of them and become "a man of one idea," or coquet with them all.

A true man would wish to be a loyal servant

of all good interests—to be at the same time a Christian, a patriot, and a friend of every kind of reform. And this he might be, if religion, politics and morality, were embodied in one organization. But we know nothing more hopeless and heart-distracting, than to attempt, in the present state of the world, to gratify a propensity to universal philanthropy, by surrendering one's self to the various organizations which occupy the field of human interests. Whoever makes this attempt, will surely experience the worst woes of polygamy. He will find himself married to to a dozen or more of independent and quarreling wives. The most he can do will be to dally with them all. He can be a husband to none.

This state of things can not last forever. Whether we look at prophecy, or the nature of the case and the signs of the times, we see clearly that God is coming into the field, and that when he comes, all things, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, will be gathered together in one, or, as it is in the original, "will be reduced under one head." The God of heaven will set up a kingdom which will comprehend and unite all the interests which are now under the supervision of civil governments, churches, reform societies, communities, &c. We put it to the consciences of those who are waiting for that kingdom, whether, in going out of the present state of things to meet its coming, their first step is not to withdraw, and stand aloof from all the associations, new and old, which occupy its destined place? It is not to be hoped with reason, that any of the existing organizations will grow to be the kingdom of God. As well might we expect that a bramble will grow to be an oak. The initial principle of all comprehensive unity which we have spoken of, is not in them, and never will grow out of them. Let us then leave them, and, standing alone if need be, but in a readiness for coöperation with God and man at the appointed time, wait patiently for the universal, everlasting kingdom. "Say ye not, *A confederacy*, to all them to whom this people shall say, *A confederacy*." All confederacies but one are destined to extinction; and that one is not yet manifested in this world. Let us resolve to join that confederacy or none.

The Community has always been at variance with a large number of superficial sympathizers on the subject of *leadership*. Many profess to see great good in the practical life of the Community, but protest against what they call the spiritual despotism of the leaders. We do not care to dispute with such people. All we have to say is that the system of organization which they style "despotism," is the universal choice of the Community, and seems to us inside like the watchful care of the shepherds for the sheep. Those who have inveighed loudest against despotism have finally shown the wolf under sheep's clothing.

Here is what the *Perfectionist* said upon this point in July, 1844:

The same Christ that said "Call no man master on earth," appointed twelve men to be the leaders of his church: the same Paul that disclaimed "dominion over the faith" of believers, said to them, "Be ye followers of me:" the same John that said "Ye need not that any man teach you," wrote with that saying, an epistle of instruction and exhortation. In all this the Primitive Church saw no inconsistency; and there *was* none, except to the perverted vision of those who saw no Christ in the saints.

These great swelling words—"Follow or lead, I will not"—are but a vain boast. For if other men have gone before us in the truth, we *must* follow them, or turn aside to falsehood—and even then we should follow the devil. The rule of honesty and common sense is—"I will follow no man who walks in the flesh; but I will fol-

low any man who is in advance of me in following Christ."

In all our experience we have noticed that men who are most fiercely opposed to following anybody, after all, do follow those who have gone before them, and that too in quite a *thievish* way.

We have noticed also that jealousy of leadership in others, is oftentimes a characteristic of those who wish to be leaders themselves. Ambitious demagogues always preach universal equality. That is the easiest of all ways to become a leader. It has two advantages. On the one hand it secures popularity to the demagogue, and on the other it pulls down his rivals.

When Bernadotte, the late king of Sweden, died (after an arbitrary reign of some thirty years), the persons who laid out his body, found indelibly tattooed on his arm, the well known watch-words of the French Revolution, "Liberty and Equality." Before he ascended the throne, he had been a democrat of the most radical stamp. We have seen changes similar to this within ten years, and expect to see more.

Jealousy of human teaching and leadership, when it proceeds from an honest loyalty to God, and an intelligent regard for the prerogatives of the Holy Ghost, is salutary and necessary. The more firmly believers determine to be taught and led by nobody but God, the better. But this kind of jealousy does not stop at the mere negation of human usurpation. It insists upon the full right of God, not only to be the only teacher and leader, but to teach and lead *by whatever means he will*. Its motto is—"I will be taught and led by nobody but God; but he may teach and lead me by men, by books, by any and every agency that he chooses to employ." But that kind of jealousy which manifestly proceeds from self-will, which is fierce for God's prerogative only so far as the selfish advantage of freedom from man is concerned, which is made oftentimes an excuse for rejecting or neglecting offered truth, and which virtually says, "God may teach and lead me by his Spirit, but he shall not set man over me"—this kind of jealousy is the first-born iniquity of hell.

#### A VENTURE.

##### I.

THE question has often been asked by many of my friends, "What on earth had you to do down in North Carolina?" and supposing the query would not be raised unless some were interested in the subject, I will try to narrate the history of a little speculation, and what came of it.

By an unlucky turn of the wheel, or by some other means (I will not stop to philosophize), I found myself at a very tender age, the unhappy possessor of a large stock of false benevolence. Both of my parents lectured me on this manifest weakness, and both of them ignored any such trait in their respective families. It was of no avail that my father scolded me for being a spendthrift; in vain my mother pressed upon me her loving counsels. "My dear boy," she was wont to say, as she bountifully supplied me with pennies for the relief of tramps, previous to taking me for a drive, "don't give too much to one, but throw a little to each, so you will be able to gladden the hearts of many." But the first ragged vagabond we met, was sure to get possession of my sympathies, and the biggest share of the pennies; while the rest of the mendicants (and in England their name is legion) only provided my good mother with texts for discourses upon my lack of wisdom in the distribution of alms. But some important element was wanting, either in the pupil or teacher, or in both, for those off-repeated lessons, proved wholly unprofitable; and after years of mortifying experience, in consequence of this peculiar phase of my character (of which my trip down South was but an instance), it remained for Mr. J. H. Noyes and the Oneida Community to teach me the lesson of true continence of heart.

Among my city acquaintances of New York, was one who had an unfortunate predilection for whisky.

He was none of your rollicking, low-life, quarrelsome drunkards; but one of those dignified inebriates, whose dignity increases with every drink. He did not seek retirement under a table, as the drunkards of the last century were wont to seek their rest. The whisky never got into Van's legs, it all settled in his head; and the more he drank, the loftier soared his imagination; so that a chair, a platform, or the hustings, were sure to be graced with the weight of his body, and his heavy argument. Van was a great politician, and many an Irish voter of New York city has been transported into raptures at his drunken eloquence. He was much prized by certain democrats of the Empire city, on account of this looseness of the tongue, and when election times drew near, he was sure to be in great demand. But Van was poor. Some of the best appointments in the country were within his reach, only whisky stood in his way. Through the same failing, large estates had slipped from his possession. He was closely connected, both by marriage and by birth, with the oldest, the wealthiest and the proudest families, who had done all they could to reclaim him, and now had dropped him. He was a graduate of West Point, and had served his country with distinction in the Mexican war. His wife's family had offered her and her children, a life of ease and luxury, if she would leave him and get a divorce; this she refused to do, and at the time of my narrative, they were in poverty and hunger, and in danger of being ejected from a dirty tenement-house, for arrears of rent.

Happening to meet Van one day on Broadway, and knowing the state of his family (for I had helped to relieve them), I ventured to bring him down from his high estate, by a severe lecture on his intemperance. He immediately opened his heart to me, told me much of his experience, and, crying like a child, swore, that if he could find some one to help him, he would gladly become a changed man. He said that all of his old friends blamed him for drinking; none would offer to help him or his family, yet all were ready to place temptation in his way, by asking him to drink whenever he met them. No man could be so disgusted with the habit as he was; he thoroughly loathed himself, but was utterly powerless to withstand temptation.

What a subject for my benevolence to lay itself out upon! Here was a drunkard repentant to my hand, only wanting a little encouragement, to become a reformed character—an ornament to society and to his country. The man was so much in earnest, that I had no doubt of his sincerity, nor do I now doubt it; but I little knew then, that it was a principality I was dealing with, and that it was one of the devil's strongest batteries, against which I was about to direct my puny efforts. If I had looked to God to help me in the matter, even in the world's fashion of looking, there might have been some slight excuse for my temerity; but to set about such a work in my own strength, was no less folly than, single-handed, to storm Gibraltar. In my ignorance, I thought such an opportunity of doing good was not to be overlooked; so after extracting solemn promises touching his future habits of life, Van was supplied with funds and all the necessities of life for himself and family.

I was at this time living about twelve miles from New York city, and having taken my new convert, with his wife and three children, into my family, the work of reclamation commenced in earnest. I did not believe in total abstinence, least of all, in making sudden changes; so I set to work, cutting off the dog's tail by inches, and thought my friend was doing well, when he had passed one whole week without getting positively drunk.

No sooner had the whisky partially subsided in Van's brain, than there arose a flood of schemes for making money; among others was a proposition to freight a ship with such articles as were needed by the North American Squadron, then lying off the coast of North Carolina, and, taking them to Beaufort, to dispose of them to the various ships of war, as they ran into that port. In looking into the matter, I found that every thing was very dear down South, and there was plenty of margin for good profits. A

cabbage was sold for fifty cents in Beaufort, and the fleet was suffering badly from scurvy. I agreed to start Van on a trip, and to send my partner's son with him, to act as clerk (I was then in a commission business in Wall-st); but at the last hour, finding that I was assuming more responsibility than I had intended or felt comfortable about, I determined to go myself, and return as best I could by the quickest route, expecting to be away a little over a week. Having obtained friendly introductions to most of the commanding officers in the fleet, and a letter of introduction from General Dix to the commanding officers of the post or station, I chartered a schooner for nine hundred dollars per month, and proceeded to freight her. But I no sooner stepped on board, than strange misgivings crept over me, and I wished myself well out of the affair; yet the schooner was chartered and the cargo bought, so there was no use in looking back; better make the best of it. The schooner was a trim, smart-looking craft of one hundred and fifty tons' burden; she had what sailors call a rakish look about her, something that would be sure to raise the suspicions of an English coast-guard.

Through the mismanagement of Van, and bungling in the Custom House, we had many vexatious delays. Van affected the greatest sagacity, but at the same time seemed utterly stupid about the whole affair. This was unfortunate, because I had placed the matter entirely in his hands. I was told afterwards that it was all my own fault; if I had only let him get drunk, he would have managed every thing first-rate. But every thing has an end! So by dint of perseverance, with a bribe here, and a bribe there, our difficulties at length terminated, and pushing off from Pier twenty-six, in the North river, with a light wind and a sunny sky, we swung out into the stream.

E.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, JULY 13, 1868.

### AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

July 11.—"Cherries are ripe! cherries are ripe!" This has been a week of cherries. Two of our agents are abroad collecting the fruit and they keep us well supplied. The packing-house has its red flag of distress almost constantly flying. There is a bee of two hours in the forenoon, one of about the same length in the afternoon, and another in the evening. Cherries are among the most imperious of fruits. This warm weather they brook no delay.

If you believe it, strawberries still hold on. Two hundred and forty-seven quarts were picked yesterday and one hundred and seventy-four were gleaned to-day. This is the last picking. Raspberry-picking commenced yesterday morning, too; so you see we have our hands full. But work goes off finely, and the bees are very pleasant.

Returning from the evening bees about fifteen minutes before the meeting hour, we hie to the flower-garden to watch a phenomenon which occurs just then. It is the opening of the evening primrose. The first sight is electrifying. Fixing your eyes upon the loosely folded leaves of the long, demure-looking bud, you apprehend nothing alarming. Presently you perceive a movement. Did you jar the bush, or is the wind rising? While you are wondering—presto! the great creamy flower bursts open and is instantly in full bloom. The *dénouement* is so sudden you almost expect to see a fairy spring forth. But don't bend your head to inhale the fragrance, else your admiration will turn to disgust.

Ice has been for years a favorite medicine and luxury with the O. C., summer and winter, and is an indispensable dish on our table this hot weather. We have ice-water, ice on butter, ice in milk, ice on fruit of every kind, and some of the folks eat ice broken into bits as they would sugar-plums. Sometimes the ice comes on to the table in rather large pieces, and how to break it when you are dining with one hundred and fifty persons without creating a disturbance, has been a vexatious problem. The

usual way has been to hold a table knife or fork on the piece to be broken, with one hand, and by making a kind of mallet of the other to break the ice by pounding. This generally drew the attention of all around, not only by the noise made, but by the particles of ice which flew in every direction. This was annoying, but there seemed to be no other way till an English lady now living at the O. C. showed us a better. It is this: Lay the piece of ice to be broken on your plate or on the table-cloth, and press the point of a pin firmly upon the place which you wish to divide. You will be surprised to see how easily and silently the ice is broken to the size desired and will think the device something worth knowing.

Somebody at Willow Place harmonizes the familiar sounds heard there into what she calls

A FANTASIA.—The rush of the water, the thunder of the wheel, the steady thud of the heavy drop, the whirl of the spinners and pulleys, the tumbling of toms, the rattle of reels and winders, the artillery crack of numberless hammers, the clucking of hens, crowing of roosters, and cawing of crows, the creak of the pump, the rumbling of wagons, the solemn gutturals and grunts of innumerable bull-frogs vocalizing in the pond, and, pervading all, the sighing whispers of the wind in the willows.

We clip from the Wallingford Journal:

The going bare-footed fashion has come into considerable favor here. Many of the men go without shoes quite constantly both outdoors and in the house, and some of the women occasionally indulge in the liberty. By the way, this new fashion has been of some help to us in a direction our Oneida friends probably little suspected; it has furnished us with a ready answer to the tramps who come so often begging for shoes. The other day a stalwart, but slovenly looking man came to our door with well-worn shoes and began begging for some better ones. "We have none," said we; yet he, nothing daunted, continued to beg, and began to show how badly his were worn. Just then one of our men spoke up briskly, "Take off your shoes and go bare-footed; that is the healthiest way. We believe in it!" The effect was magical. The man looked first astonished, then amused, and went away with a broad grin on his face.

Mr Leonard has a boil, and Louise a sty, so to-day he stepped up to her, and in his inimitable way, said,

"I've got a boil,  
You've got a sty;  
Mine's on my shoulder,  
But your's is on your eye."

### OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

Mount Tom Printing Office,  
W. C., July 7, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Success in war, they say, depends on being able to hurl your force from point to point, now here, now there, so as to be strongest every time at the critical point of action. On this principle you turn out the trap-makers for a day's campaign against the weeds in the corn-field. Result, twenty acres hoed at a stroke. The silk-spinners take a hand at strawberry picking. Result, a hundred bushels of the fruit saved in the nick of time. This is one of the clear gains of Community organization. We avail ourselves of it here. Our members may be found at work printing, carpentering, hay-making, and harvesting strawberries all at different hours in the same day, passing readily from one kind of industry to another, according as emergency may call.

### TRIOMPHE STRAWBERRY.

After picking Triomphe de Gands for two hours this morning (*Gand*, you know, is Flemish for Ghent), I will say a word in praise of this fine berry. Notice its large, luxuriant leaf, and its strong stalk which holds the cones high above the ground. In size the fruit is imperial, and in color superb, while it has the peculiarity of a rich varnish on the surface which preserves it against rain, and gives it firmness in transportation. It is as different from the common field strawberry as a Newfoundland dog is from a poodle. Yet it is undoubtedly the product of a chance variation or series of variations from the field berry. H. J. Seymour, hoping to produce a

still further improvement, last year sowed some seeds of the *Triomphe*, and this season we observed that the fruit of several of the seedlings thus procured, have the high varnish, and the general features of their progenitor.

### THE MYSTERY OF SPECIES.

The fact about this divergence of plants by which new kinds are produced is curious, and but little understood. I am told that wild fruits, like the field strawberry for instance, are generally fast, i. e., reproduce themselves with but little tendency to variation; but that when, by improved cultivation or any cause a variation is once produced, the seeds of the new sort show an increased facility for further variation. It would appear that the fruit, in its effort to get back to its original type, strikes out blindly in all directions, the result being in some cases an increase of size and flavor, in its seedlings, and in others a decrease. I wish A. B., or some of your botanists, would tell us in a popular, intelligible way what is known about this science of variation, and the art of producing improved fruits and flowers.

### KEEPING THE BEST.

Akin to this subject are Darwin's doctrines of "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest"—laws which constantly operate to weed out the feeble and less handsome individuals of a species, and to encourage only the best. Assuming that these principles operate in the human race, it follows that the present generation is the one surviving best result obtained by selection from a myriad of experimental failures in the past. Each individual is the top of a pyramid of non-survivors, and lives because on the whole he is better than his fellows. Is it not so? It appears that God is continually advancing the quality of the race by the operation of these laws as well as by the more direct education of his providence. The poorer go down; the best survive. As conditions change we must change with them, or be crowded out of the visible part of the race. This test is proving a hard one for our Western Indians at the present time. It is about being applied to the millions of Asiatics in China and Japan. Henceforth there will be no chance for favoritism based on privacy and seclusion, but every nation will have to come into the open market of the world and be labeled by unerring law with its exact weight and value as determined by the highest civilization extant. What is this but "the great and terrible day of the Lord," the day of eternal judgment? and to what specific end has God been training the race, raising it step by step through its thousands of years of painful progress, discarding the millions apparently while saving the one? What is it for? Is it not to produce in the end a type in which he can fitly embody himself, and which, answering to the divine ideal as it is in Christ, can be made physically as well as spiritually immortal? Some such point as this, by special training, was reached in the case of a few, eighteen hundred years ago. Now it seems to be the goal of the Gentile world.

### IVY AND AN ANTIDOTE.

A great nuisance here in Connecticut is the poison ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*). Some of our members suffer from it every year. Its operation is mysterious. It is said to affect those who are susceptible to it at several feet distance. Others may handle it with impunity. The cause of mischief is probably a swarm of microscopic insects whose habitat is on this plant, but who like mosquitos have an avidity for victimizing the human skin. It might serve the cause of humanity as well as science if your microscopist would carefully investigate this plant with his glass, and also the blister made by its poison and see what is the fact about it. Mr. Kinsley, of our family, after being nearly disabled by it, has found a true antidote, he thinks, in the application of sugar of lead. Two and a half scruples dissolved in a pint of spring water, form the wash which he uses. Another of our members thought he would fight the enemy with his own weapons, and accordingly treated several plants with oil of vitriol, after which he also found himself cured.

### GENEALOGICAL.

Theodorus, the late King of Abyssinia, it is said



claimed descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. There is a pedigree for you. G.

#### THE PARASITE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE curculio, in the lack of other fruit to prey on, has attacked the young apples, and many of them are falling. It is some slight consolation to know that this destructive little Turk is himself troubled with a parasite, that may yet put him to a Malthusian pinch. It is said that a species of ichneumon fly, following the track of the curculio, seeks the incision which the latter makes in fruit, and wherever he finds the curculio grub, pierces it, and lays his own egg somewhere in the cavity thus made. So that when master curculio is about ready to take the winged form, he finds trouble brewing in his own bowels, and instead of flying himself, he goes to feed another fly. If this thing is going on throughout the whole parasite world, what a "happy family" they must be! A friend suggests that the final solution of this parasite problem will perhaps come by converting the fruit-destroying propensity in insects, to the simple work of pruning and removing the excess of fruit, so making it a serviceable thing. For instance, if the grape-worm which now burrows in the cluster, could be made to confine himself to the superfluous shoots, he might, while enjoying himself just as well as now, save the vine-dresser the necessary work of "pinching in" the plants. So if the curculio would confine himself to a certain per cent. of apples or plums on a tree, which would answer his purposes just as well as the whole, he would do a very acceptable service by removing them. My friend asks, if the word of Christ had power over the fishes to drive them into the disciples' net, and over the fig-tree to cause it to wither, why should not means be still found in the realms of faith and science, to make these worms and bugs work in a method to serve us, instead of being the pests which they now are. G.

W. C., July 8, 1868.

#### THE HEAD AND HEART.

Ruth says she was thinking, the other day, of the great literary man who wrote with his feet in a pail of hot water and his head wrapped in a towel wrung from the ice-fountain, and it occurred to her that if people would write from their hearts—keep a seething caldron there, if they pleased—the equilibrium would be better between the head and feet. "I believe," said Ruth, "if the brain were nothing but a very docile servant to a great warm heart, we should have ever so much better reading than we do now, and not need to unlearn so many things we get from books."

Yours is a sound philosophy, Ruth. If writers could only get their hearts filled with Christ's humility and then bury their heads in their hearts, the world would grow better very fast. D.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FROM AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Wallingford, Conn., July 8, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I am going to tell you some things about your old residence at the foot of Mount Tom. I venture to say that, if you do not now and then wish yourself back here, you have not entirely forgotten the old spot.

I have lately taken lodgings in the attic of what was formerly the CIRCULAR building; my only outlook being through a dormer-window, right up against the side of the renowned Mount Tom; renowned not so much for any notable characteristics of its own, as for the fact that you once sat down at its base, and for four years piped the song of liberty—not for the slave only, but to all mankind—liberty and freedom from sin through Jesus Christ. Truly a theme worth harping upon. But since you have hanged your harps on the willows, or carried them away with you, the country has dressed itself in mourning, and the heavens have wept until the earth could no longer drink up the tears.

It has rained here—I do not know as you are fully

aware to what extent; but records tell us that we have had a greater fall of rain this season than before for ninety years. It rained so much and so long that I think I can, without much exaggeration, exclaim, with the Canadian lumberman, "It rained forty days and forty nights, and then set in for a good long rain!" I found that the conviction was settling upon me, that fair Connecticut had spent her halcyon days and was undergoing a permanent change of climate. But just as I was becoming reconciled, and had cheerfully begun the study of ways and means to adapt myself to a life of mud and fog, the mist cleared away and the sun put out his clear, bright face, looking like an old friend. My heart leaped for joy.

We have now had two weeks of fair weather; sky clear; atmosphere a little hazy and relieved from oppressive heat by a slight sea-breeze that comes to us from the Sound. The tree-frog has hanged his castanets on the apple-tree limb and sought the earth for drink; and the partridge in the grove on the hill-side has ceased to drum for rain.

When the nights are excessively warm I pull a mattress after me and crawl out of the trap-door upon the gravel roof and make my bed on the pebbles. Here I seldom fail to get a light breeze; besides I have a clean sweep of sky and country all around me. I can study bodies celestial or terrestrial, as I choose. I sometimes think, however, that one is apt to be too deeply impressed with a sense of his own individuality when he gets so far away from earth. I have to own that when I am fairly intrenched in my lofty position with the stars above and a free breeze blowing about me, I look over on that sleepy old town that lies east of us with feelings akin to pity.

I listen to the hum of insects, the cry of the whip-poor-will, and the weird wail of the land-toad, mingled with the stentorian note of the river bull-frog, till "a hundred sounds are the same as one." The lights in yon town go out, one by one, leaving the world and me not to darkness, but in the soft, silvery light of a brilliant moon. The little pebbles that lie about me, glisten in the moonlight like gems. Their color varies from a pure white to numerous darker shades. Many are like alabaster, and as I dreamily watch them sparkle, I seem to be away to the sea from whence they came. Who chiselled them from the primeval rock, and gave them to the sea, to be washed by waves, and nosed about by strange fishes, until they became so beautifully rounded and oviform? How were they spread so smoothly along this shore whereon the winds and the sandpipers play? Now that the tide is out, let us stroll along this white beach and gather some pearly pebbles; we will take them away from this briny shore to where the fountains play, and let them drink from the marble basin. But hark! methinks I hear the roaring of the tide! Look there! see that mighty wave coming in shore! Come away dear, come quick! Make haste, 'tis upon us! Oh!—

Ah, excuse me, dear CIRCULAR, I was dreaming. There is a train of cars coming up across the sand-plain, and the din of wheels and whistle disturbed me a little. I am not sorry, however, for I can watch the long line of merry lights as they dance across the plain. J. P. H.

#### HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DE LATRE.

NO. XXIII.

I MUST now introduce something of an episode into my story, and that is my journey to Europe with Mr. Noyes—an occasion of much profit and entertainment to myself. In the spring of 1851 (the year of the great Exhibition in London), Mr. Noyes, having projected a short excursion across the Atlantic, but feeling that he should be an entire stranger in old England, wrote to Mr. Ellis and myself, proposing that one of us should accompany him, whichever found it most convenient. The lot fell to me. Herbert, who was then fifteen, volunteered to take my place as best he could, and my wife consented to it, in the secret hope, I think, that some great gun in England might get hold of

Mr. Noyes, and make a smash of him! Indeed, I know she was very desirous that an interview might take place between him and a clerical friend of hers, who stood high in her estimation as a man of great polemical power.

The Baltic, a steamer of three thousand tons, was the vessel of our choice. On the 16th of April we glided down the harbor, summoning courage for what we knew was coming outside of the Hook, for a north-easter had been lashing the ocean all night. The change was tremendous, within a very few minutes, from almost perfect steadiness of motion, to some of the heaviest pitching I had ever known even in mid ocean. Mr. Noyes (to whom it was all new) and I stood on deck, side by side enjoying the see-sawing mightily. But I inadvertently went below amid the crowd of dubious looking passengers, and caught the contagion which soon numbered me among the fallen. I never thought for a moment of my companion's being sick; it would have appeared so incongruous. According to my faith, therefore, or rather his faith, it happened unto me, for I certainly did not behold him in that predicament.

But we soon weathered the storm, and after a run of twelve days got into port at Liverpool. There we passed a day or two very pleasantly at Mr. William Alder's, my wife's younger brother, who had joined the ranks of the Irvingites. There, too, we had some clerical discussions with two or three of their priests who had been invited to meet us. The great gun was in that locality, but as luck would have it, we did not get within range. I am pleased to think that Mr. Noyes's introduction to landscape gardening in England should have taken place at Birkenhead, on the south bank of the Mersey, opposite the great emporium. Of the park at that place, the American Cyclopaedia says, "Though small [one hundred and eighty-five acres], it is, by its admirable plan, the most complete, and for its age the most agreeable park in Europe." It was designed by Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr. Kemp. It is laid out with a degree of ingenuity and skill rarely equalled. You never once dream of the extent of the grounds, that feature is so artfully concealed in the general plan, while it is perfectly luxurious in detail; abounding in artificial lakelets, in embankments richly diversified with grottoes, in ornamental bridges tastily thrown across the sheets of water, in flower beds and shrubbery, while the whole is interspersed with copses unsurpassed for beauty of arrangement and comeliness of form.

Leaving the park we set off for London with the Exhibition in view. That affair went beyond our expectations, being the first thing of the kind we had ever seen. There was a good feeling, too, throughout the place—something cosmopolitan about it. The heart seemed drawn out and enlarged. Was it a foreshadowing of the Universal Brotherhood? or was it, in a measure, due to the relation of the sexes there? Almost every American who visits England remarks upon the geniality of the people. We all know that the home feeling is very strong there, and that is the secret, I think, of this cordiality so universally met with in old England. Now that home feeling may be traced to the relation between man and woman. There is more naturalness in that relation as it exists there—more simplicity. The sexes blend more in spirit, and the consequence is a greater play of life—producing a degree of warmth which must be felt throughout the social world. Whatever the cause, I felt my heart drawn out wonderfully after an absence (I might say abstinence) of twelve years.

We spent, altogether, three days at the Exhibition, a pretty good measure of its place in our estimation. Mr. Noyes got a glimpse there of her Majesty. We tramped considerably about the English Capital, but took to wheels when practicable. When disposed to rest awhile, we retired to our lodgings and had a good quiet time of reflection. On such occasions, I regretted my inability to report the remarks made by Mr. Noyes, on what we had seen and heard. I thought them too good for only one to hear—though some of them afterwards got into print.

After a week or more in London we took the

Folkstone and Boulogne route to Paris, a journey of twelve hours. The French custom-house scenes gave us some hearty laughs. Indeed, owing to my companion's determination to keep good-humored, many of the vexations incident to traveling were made occasions of merriment. I think I never laughed half so much before in the same length of time. Traveling was not new to me, and much of the ground I had already gone over; but Mr. Noyes had a way of looking at things which gave them new interest.

Five days in the city of luxuries, with the accompaniment of what might be called delicious weather, and a passing look at Louis Napoleon, then President, amply satisfied us. What a job they give you at Versailles with their long galleries of art! Before we got through, I felt more like being paid than having to pay for the performance. By the way, we met there with an Irish gentleman, who was no small relief to the monotony with his Hibernian humor. He knew nothing whatever of French, but had picked up a word or two, and with these he kept plying the folks without mercy, but in so comical a way, that it was the height of entertainment to witness the encounter.

This was a flying visit of ours, which tended, I imagine, to give it piquancy. We had already engaged our berths in the Asia, for the 24th of May. Our return to London was by Lisle and Calais, so that we had a peep at the Dutch canals—fields separated by water courses in lieu of hedges—men in boats instead of squirels on fences. We liked the French railroads, with their comfort and order, sense of security, and plenty of politeness to boot. At Paris we failed to see the parties who represented "the advance," although we had letters of introduction. But not so in London, where we attended an evening meeting of the co-operatives but with a very quiet result. Several copies of the *Berean* were left with different persons in the Capital at their own request. Among them was D—, a prominent man of his day in the interest of social reform, between whom and Mr. Noyes I heard a very interesting talk. We spent an evening also with Dr. Epps, of phrenological repute. We called on the American Minister, who opened the way for us to the Houses of Parliament, where a son of the Duke of Northumberland very politely pointed out to us some of the prominent members. We gave a day to Richmond Park, that theme of the poets. It is an area of nearly twenty-five hundred acres, famous for beauty of scenery. I ought to say that the elder Mr. Alder was then living in London, but was too conservative to flatter himself that he could entertain Mr. Noyes, and so did not venture to send him an invitation, although my wife, in a letter to him, had expressed the hope that they would meet.

To give an idea of the tenor of her letter, which was purposely left unsealed, I will insert here a reply to it by Mr. Noyes himself, just after his return:

Brooklyn, June 11, 1851.

"DEAR MADAM:—After reading your letter to your brother in London, it seems to me that gratitude demands, even if etiquette forbids, that I should offer you some expression of my appreciation of the liberality and earnestness with which you attempted to introduce me to your friends in England; and some apology for the meager fulfillment of your kind projects on my behalf, which we have to report. Though I did not go to England with quite so much missionary zeal and eagerness for discussion as you attributed to me, yet when I discovered your plans and hopes, I was exceedingly anxious to respond to your magnanimity by a faithful presentation of my views to your friends; and nothing but a decisive repulse and prohibition of such presentation would have prevented me from fulfilling your wishes. I assure you that your letter, though ineffectual in England, has found its way to the hearts of many brothers and sisters on this side of the Atlantic. If you can write such a letter about me, why can you not write to me, and so give me the privilege of responding to the interest you manifestly feel in our views of truth?

"I have talked much with Mr. De Latre about the

condition of your children, and the only conclusion I can come to is, that their well-being requires that their education should be placed on a religious basis, and that they should be brought out into a wider sphere of wholesome society. These conditions can be attained by your joining your husband in his religious sentiments and connections—and, so far as I can see, in no other way. With this conviction, and in view of your (at least) partial assent to our teachings, and even incipient faith, of which I see evidence in your letters, I make bold to break the ice for you, and invite you to correspondence and acquaintance with me and with our Association, assuredly believing that such a step will lead to the peace, improvement, and salvation of yourself and your children.

"With most cordial respect, yours,

"JOHN H. NOYES."

This may appear to contradict what I have said of my wife's attitude toward Mr. Noyes at that time, but it will be seen, I think, as we proceed, that there is a wide distinction between conviction and conversion.

Another look at the Crystal Palace, and we were off to the point of embarkation.

#### OUR LETTER-BOX.

"—, N. Y., July 1, 1868.—I write to say a few words by way of greeting, and appreciation of the CIRCULAR. But how shall I single out any one topic to make mention of and rejoice in, when all are good? I was especially delighted with the Home-Talk in the issue of June 22, respecting the self-limiting principle of the Holy Spirit. How clearly, even to my unregenerate heart, has Mr. Noyes shown the certainty that holiness and sin can never unite; that association with them, will never beget assimilation. I can not say very well what I wish to say, but of this one thing I am sure: I rejoice in the truth, just such truth as you publish, although it cuts close. We ought indeed to be glad that in God's wisdom there is this entire separation between flesh and spirit. I remember one time last winter I was reading the passage where Christ says to his disciples, 'The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me,' and, as if I had never before realized the importance, to me, of this statement, a sudden joy sprang up in my soul, tears gushed to my eyes and I exclaimed aloud: How glad, how glad I am, that we have a Saviour in whom the world, and the things of time, as time, have no part, and that in this respect also, his followers must be like him. I would not have you think that I believe myself to have attained to any heights of Christian experience. On the contrary, I fear I am far from having experienced that thorough transformation of character which we have a right to expect will follow an acceptance of, and belief in Christ. But I have a little light concerning the true way; and I know if I follow the ray it will lead me at last to the fountain of all light. In this respect the CIRCULAR is a great help to me. It is a teacher and guide—but such a teacher and guide, as no one who wishes to travel the broad road of worldly comfort or satisfaction would wish to engage. Last week, for instance, I had a nice track laid to something better in the future, when I should have gained strength to leave my present position and surroundings and hie to something that promised more interest—spiritual interest, I thought—more excitement; laudable enthusiasm, of course; more life—Christian life, I meant: when along comes the CIRCULAR, tears up the rails and piles them nicely by the road-side, then looking sternly down into my soul says, 'Abide where you are and overcome. Relief is sought in a change of circumstances, while it can be found only in a change of heart.' This threw me back upon my own resources and the amount of saving knowledge I have in Christ.

"Yours for the truth, though it be sharper than a two-edged sword,

S. C. C."

"—, Oregon, June 9, 1868.—I can not tell you how much I think of the CIRCULAR, nor how much good it has done me in the past. How good are Mr. Noyes's Home-Talks! They seem to be so full of the

spirit of the speaker, that I almost fancy I am at home among you, under the sound of his voice. Though I am more than three thousand miles from your home—only three miles from the great Pacific, and in the sound of its roaring waters—yet I believe I am among you in spirit. My heart is raised in gratitude to God for the gift of his grace, which is able not only to pull down the stronghold of the wicked one, but also to build up an house of God, pure and untarnished from the evils of the world, firm and steadfast on the eternal rock. I suppose none of you mistrusted that there was one here at this end of the earth, who has been among you for three or four years. Though a stranger to you, I seem, by the grace of God, to belong to the same great family which you do. I want to be present in your meetings, that I may before you all, confess Christ in me a perfect Savior, for time and eternity. I have given him all my heart; all that I have and am is his. I will trust him to cultivate and fashion me according to his will and pleasure. I shall praise God through all eternity, for the lessons Mr. Noyes has taught me, both in the *Berean* and in the CIRCULAR. He has been the great instrument in the hands of God, to lead me to the truth. Always when I am disposed to despondency, which has been my besetting sin, do I hear his voice of encouragement urging me to lay hold on the power of God, which is full and free in Christ Jesus, and to lay hold on salvation, by faith.

"I could tell you a long story of my trials, in consequence of reading the *Berean* and the CIRCULAR, and the labor I had to conquer prejudice in myself, and the storms of evil report at home and abroad. I am still looked upon with suspicion, by those who do not know me well. But, blessed be God, he gives me the spirit of liberty, and I am free from the fear of man; and have no other object in view, but the will and glory of God, and the salvation of my soul. 'I can bear all things through him which strengtheneth me.' I would like to tell Mr. Noyes how thankful I feel, because he has set me right about the Second Coming of Christ. I well remember the first time I read the Savior's prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, and the first judgment. It was when I was but about ten years old, at school in the mountains of Switzerland. The truth flashed upon me, and I was astonished, because I had never heard it before, and I immediately told my teacher of it; but he answered me, that the judgment was yet future, and I was disappointed. Often did I wonder how the two events could be so far apart, when Christ spoke so plainly of their belonging together. Then the intimation that John should remain until Christ should come, caused me to think so much that my mind could not rest. The dreadful blasphemy that God created the devil an angel, so that all the evil must be traced back and rest upon God, which unbelievers would bring up as an argument against God and the Bible, my soul would revolt at. I wanted to defend the character of God, and clear him of the imputations of evil. But when I found there was no testimony in the word of God to uphold that doctrine, but the contrary, I was glad, and I found my love and confidence increased.

"There is a movement here at present called the Health Association. Some of your ways are adopted, viz., the short dress, leaving the use of medicine, pork, tea, coffee, tobacco, and liquors. I was at some of their meetings, and if they had attributed their ideas of reform to something besides good sense, I would have hopes that good might be done; but they do not look from the gift to the giver. God bless you all.

Yours,

A. C. W."

#### A STEERAGE PASSENGER.

II.

THE time hung heavily as we had nothing to do, and our accommodations for reading being very poor, we resorted to all sorts of expedients to pass the hours away. We walked on deck when not too stormy, played games, told stories, and indulged in speculations. There was a very roguish boy in our party, whose wild pranks furnished us constant amusement. He was smart, but had been so lament-

ably spoiled, that there was no governing him. His depravity was often startling. When any mishap occurred; there was no restraining his laughter. If the breakers dashed over the side of the vessel and rushed down the hatchway, he would shout and scream as though possessed; and if any of the passengers got a thorough sousing, his merriment was only the greater. The more danger there was, the more he laughed, and when others looked sober, and entreated him to behave properly, the more he would "cut up," until his guardian had to try a touch of the rope's-end plaster (as the sailors call it) to his back, which had the effect to abate his fun fever, and give him a wholesome dread of another warm jacket to sleep in.

We had not enough fresh water, and had to use sea water. It seemed sticky at first, but we became accustomed to it, and washed in it, our hands, faces, dishes, towels, &c., besides using it for cooking purposes as much as possible. The brine is excellent for boiling potatoes.

As we were crossing the Gulf Stream, we had rough weather for about two weeks, which tried our patience well; but although the light-hued waters off the banks of Newfoundland, raged and seethed in a manner which seemed frightful to us, we saw numerous fishing vessels anchored among the schools of mackerel. We bought a quantity of the fishes, and passed on singing the praises of America, and frowning back upon old England's abuses.

At length, after six weeks' voyaging, the thrilling shout, "Land in sight!" was heard. All leaped for joy. The sprightly rushed on deck, the aged and feeble pressed after as fast as they could go, straining their eyes at a low, dim something like a cloud in the distance, which in time grew to be a part of Long Island. Soon the Highlands of New Jersey came in sight, decked in the verdure of May. We thought it the brightest spot on earth, and longed to be among its inviting groves and fragrant meadows. In the evening some of our party went on shore and bought fresh provisions. The pleasure we had in eating this food after having been so long confined to stale, poor fare, can only be appreciated by those who have had similar experience. We realized how good Robinson Crusoe's beans must have tasted, after the deprivations and perils he endured.

The last night on board was a memorable one, for many attachments had been formed, which we were soon to sever. The glad morning soon appeared, and all were up early to greet the New World, and our much-talked-of cousins. Our baggage was rolled on shore, and we followed after, grateful that we could again plant our feet on solid earth.

C. E.

### THE BARBERRY INDICTMENT.

*Does the Barberry Blast Grain?—The Question Investigated—A Raid among the Rye-Fields.*

BY HENRY THACKER.

#### SECOND TRIP.

IN accordance with my proposition, I again set forth yesterday morning (June 23), for the purpose of further investigation of the barberry question. Taking the cars for Branford, on the Sound, I arrived at that place early in the day, and at once proceeded to the summer resort on Branford Point, in the hope of finding there people from different parts of the country, of whom I might perhaps gather information touching the subject in question. As the establishment had not yet opened for business, I did not meet with much success in this instance. I however proceeded to make some inquiries of an intelligent-looking man of the place, who at once said he could not give me much information on the subject, himself. "But there," said he, pointing to an elderly person, "is a man who, I presume can tell you all about it." Accordingly, the man was called, and the subject of my inquiry was introduced. To the

question, "Has the barberry-shrub a tendency to blast grain?" his answer was,

"Yes, it is a sure thing; the barberry and wild cherry are the greatest enemies we have to contend with in raising rye."

"In what way do they cause rye to blast?"

"They cause it to rust. The straw turns black, and the grain does not fill."

This testimony was a repetition of the stories drawn out in my previous trip among the farmers.

"Where," I asked, "can I find a field of rye, with barberry or wild cherry growing near it?"

"You will not be likely to find any such field. The farmers are careful to cut up all the barberry and wild cherry-bushes growing in the vicinity of their rye-fields."

With the object I had in view, this testimony did not look very hopeful. However, I started off with the determination to make the search. I proceeded on my way half-a-mile or more, passing several rye-fields at a distance, but could not discover a shrub or a tree growing near them. Presently I fell in with a farmer, and opened the subject to him. His testimony was the same as the previous one, in every particular. He also warranted that I would not find a rye-field with either of the noxious shrubs growing near it, as the farmers were very scrupulous in destroying every thing of the kind in the vicinity of their rye-fields. However, I pushed on, feeling pretty strong in the faith that I should succeed in finding some careless farmer who had neglected to cut away the barberries about his rye-field. And sure enough, according to my faith, so it turned out. I had gone scarcely half-a-mile further, when I discovered a rye-field a short distance from the road, and what appeared to be a wild cherry-tree growing by the side of it. On making the discovery I retraced my steps a short distance, and taking the lane that led by the side of the field I was soon on the spot, when to my surprise and satisfaction, I here found just what I was in search of: a field of rye, and on either side of the lane, in close proximity, and overhanging the field, numerous barberry shrubs and wild cherry-trees all the way, from ten to thirty feet in height.

"What a lucky situation for my purpose," thought I, "and what an unfortunate farmer, if this blasting theory turns out to be true!" Without further preliminaries, I put on my glasses, and commenced an inspection of the field. I first examined the grain growing under, and also at a considerable distance from a wild cherry-tree. I next took my way to where a barberry-bush stood within four feet of the growing grain, expecting, in accordance with the theory, to see here a horrible state of things. Well! what did I see? I saw a barberry-bush that had blossomed, and was now loaded with a crop of immature fruit, and growing by the side of it, rye, looking quite natural and healthy. No sign of rust or blight was to be seen, either near by, or at a distance; either under the cherry-tree, or about the barberry-bush. But hold! I will make further search. The demon of destruction may yet be found lurking in some more favorable spot, laying waste the productions of the unwary husbandman. Accordingly, another spot by the side of barberries and wild cherries was examined, but all to no purpose. The demon had fled, as all ghosts of

the imagination, flee before the light of truth.

Still I continued my search for other fields wherein to find, if possible, the *barbarity* complained of. The next farmer I met, seemed to be quite a spirited and intelligent man; but unfortunately, he too had been taught to believe in the barberry scourge. But considering that I now had some ground to stand on, I labored somewhat with him, asking him if there were not a possibility of his being in error on this point, and offering to lead him to the spot where he could see barberry, wild cherry and rye, growing together without the least sign of harm to the latter.

"Well," said he finally, "we have blight enough of some sort in this country, and if it isn't produced by barberry and wild cherry, it is by the east wind or something else."

"Yes," thought I, "something else, is nearer the mark;" and I left him to settle the matter to the satisfaction of his own mind.

In a ramble across-lots, of five or six miles further, I did not find another rye-field with a barberry-bush on its borders, so faithfully do these men show their belief by their works. I met with one or two more farmers in my way, with whom I held short conversation; but as they all seemed to be of the same faith, I refrained from trying to convert them from what I considered a delusion, but concluded, that like the belief in witches, this barberry-humbog would pretty much disappear with this generation; not having as tenable ground even, as that ghostly notion to stand on; for if it is admitted that there is such a thing as the devil possessing men and women, then I think it must be conceded that the Puritan fathers had some foundation for their faith in the theory of witchcraft.

Thus the reader has the result of my investigation of the blasting theory, and whether the question of the tendency of this shrub to blast grain, is considered satisfactorily settled, or not, I have this record to make; that in one instance at least, it failed to do it, and that instance was the only one I could find in which the question was fairly tested.

### THE TWO LOADSTONES.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

DID you ever hear of a little instrument called a compass? It is used by surveyors in measuring land and by sailors in finding their way across the ocean. In the center is a magnetic needle, which is nicely balanced on a pivot, leaving it free to turn in any direction. The great value of this instrument is, that wherever it may be, on the land or on the ocean, in sunshine or in storm, the point of the little needle, which has been magnetized by a wonderful ore, called the loadstone, will always turn toward the north. By this means the sailor can always tell the exact direction in which his ship is going, and is never at a loss in finding his way into port. We can not explain the philosophy of this magnetic action of the needle. It is one of the standing miracles in nature, which mankind, as yet, are unable to explain. But I will now tell you of a more wonderful loadstone—one which possesses still greater miraculous power—and that is Christ. He is a spiritual loadstone, and we can have our hearts so magne-

tized by him that they will always turn toward God, under all temptations and circumstances. This will save us a vast amount of perplexity and keep us from wandering out of the right path, and we shall then never be at a loss in finding our way home to God. We should, at once and forever, give our hearts up to Christ; let Him take possession of and magnetize them, so that our every thought shall be brought into captivity to him, and then we are sure of our course forever.

P.

## A WAIF.

"See! little one, see!" the father cries,  
And holds before his infant's eyes  
Some shining toy—a baby prize.

With outstretched hands and eager mien  
He tries to reach the wonder seen,  
And then the father gives it him.

So God is pleased to hold in sight  
Things which, when prayer has done its might,  
To freely give is his delight.

G.

## LONDON WATER-WORKS.

In a paper read by Prof. Frankland before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and published in the *Chemical News*, "On the proposed water supply for the Metropolis," there are some interesting facts about the present condition of London City. The Prof. says: "Out of every thousand people existing upon this planet at the present moment, three live in London. Any matter therefore, which intimately concerns the health and comfort of this vast mass of humanity can not but merit earnest attention."

The present water supply of the city is miserable in the extreme. 100,000,000 gallons are daily raised by steam-power from the Thames, to an average height of 250 feet, expending daily, nearly 200 tons of coal. And when this enormous quantity of water is thus made available, its quality is the poorest imaginable. In the first place it is very hard; almost unfit for domestic purposes, producing scales in the vast number of steam-boilers in the Metropolis with great rapidity. A further, and more serious disadvantage arises from the organic impurities in the Thames water. It is estimated that the sewage of 600,000 persons amounting to 18,000,000 gallons daily, is discharged into the river above the point from whence the water companies draw their supplies. An act of Parliament requires the companies to filter every gallon of water; but complaint is made that the law is evaded.

Five schemes have been proposed to supply London City with pure soft water. Two deserve serious attention. One is to bring 220,000,000 gallons per day from the mountains of North Wales, at a cost of nearly \$50,000,000: the other, to derive the supply from the lakes of Cumberland at the rate of 250,000,000 gallons per day, at a cost of nearly \$65,000,000. It is claimed that either of these enormous schemes would in a short time prove cheaper than the present methods of supply.

## BARBERRY HEDGE.

THOSE who are skeptical as to the barberry forming a hedge of sufficient strength, would do well to visit the Community domain, either at Oneida, N. Y., or Wallingford, Conn., where may be seen hedges of barberry nine or ten feet high, and judge for themselves.

In the last number of the *Country Gentleman*, I notice it is recommended to set the plants eight inches apart in the hedge row. This is a proper distance for buckthorn and some other hedge-plants, but would, I think, be a fatally narrow distance for the barberry. This shrub, unlike most others, forms a hedge by sending out strong shoots from the collar, and were the plants as close as here recommended, the crowded state would cause the canes to grow weak and spindling, and so prevent them from forming a strong hedge. The plants should be set not less than one foot apart in the row, and inclined at an

angle of forty-five degrees. Set after this manner, the barberry will, in a few years, form a hedge, with little or no pruning, so close and compact that a chicken could scarcely pass through it. The barberry does not spread by throwing up suckers from the roots of seedling plants.

H. T.

DEATH BY CHLOROFORM PREVENTED.—Now that we have tested their value we can not dispense with anesthetics, despite the no small danger in their use by unskillful practitioners. A method of revivification has been proposed to the French Academy of Sciences which promises to prevent death from an improper or immoderate use of chloroform. It is thus described by *Galignani*:

MM. Onimus and Legros have had recourse to continuous currents in the cases alluded to of sideration by chloroform, with, it would seem great success, by using from fourteen to thirty of Remak's elements, the animals subjected to experiment being dogs, rabbits, rats, frogs, capybaras, and tritons. The *modus operandi* was as follows: The animal, a rat for instance, was placed under a glass receiver together with a sponge strongly impregnated with the anæsthetic; in the course of a minute it would fall fast asleep; by degrees its breathing would gradually abate and finally stop. Another half-minute being allowed, it was then taken out, and the negative pole of the pile put into its mouth, the positive one communicating with the rectum. After the lapse of a few seconds, the heart, which had ceased beating, would show signs of returning animation; respiration would then recommence, and the animal gradually return to life, the electrization being suspended as soon as breathing, though still weak, had become regular. In some cases the subject of experiment was left for two minutes in a state of apparent death, and yet revived by means of the continuous current.

—The Advance.

## NEWS ITEMS.

MILITARY rule was suspended in North and South Carolina, July 4th.

SECRETARY SEWARD is said to be negotiating for the purchase of Greenland and Iceland.

CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS, late Minister to England, arrived in New York last Tuesday.

THERE were 16,420 quarts of strawberries shipped from Oneida in one day, last month.

THE Republican State Convention met at Syracuse, on the 8th inst., and nominated John A. Griswold for Governor.

THE Cornell University has come into possession of one of the largest collections of shells in the world.

GEN. NAPIER, the hero of the Abyssinian War, has arrived in England. He was the guest for a short time of the Queen, at Windsor.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON issued on July 3d, an amnesty proclamation, embracing all not included in the former one, except such as are now under indictment for treason.

THE latest news from Spain, report the suppression of an extensive conspiracy. Many of the highest rank have been arrested. The conspiracy had for its object the placing of a mother-in-law of the Queen on the throne. She has been requested to leave the country.

THE Democratic Convention for the nomination of President, met in New York, July 4th. Considerable time was spent in organizing. Geo. H. Pendleton of Ohio, the apostle of repudiation, received the largest number of votes of any candidate for some time. His name was finally withdrawn. After some further balloting, Horatio Seymour, of New York, was nominated amid considerable enthusiasm, and F. P. Blair of Missouri, was nominated for the Vice Presidency. Prominent in the Convention, were such men as Wade Hampton and Gen. Forrest.

## Announcements:

## THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

## WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 35. Business, Manufactures.

## WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 225 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

## ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

## STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive list and price-list sent on application.

## PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries, Black, Red, and Orange Raspberries, Cherries, Hackleberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Quinces, Lawton Blackberries, in quart bottles and quart cans, with syrup—Tomatoes, Sweet Corn, Peas, Lima Beans and String Beans, in cans—are put up in quantities for sale by the Oneida Community. Also, Jellies of the Barberry, Currant, Blackberry, Quince, Crab-Apple, Peach, Raspberry, and Black Currant.

N. B.—As we are unable to keep up with the demand for these goods, persons desiring a full assortment should order a year in advance. First come first served. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

## MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

## MOUNT TOM:PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,

Wallingford, Conn.

## PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Building, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

## PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 45 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 230 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or *Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse*. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, LONDON, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.